# Suck Me Like You Love Me by brokenpromisesandhope

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Nancy surprises Steve.

# Suck Me Like You Love Me

**Author's Note:**

> I watch too much porn, if you didn't know that by now. Nancy needs words okay. And she'll do anything to get them.
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She craves it. All the time. It's like a constant buzzing underneath her skin, always begging for more. Steve tries, he does. He compliments her outfits, her hair, her lipstick. He slides into the shower and runs his hands over her soapy body and whispers dirty nothings in her ear, presses her body against the cold tiles and fucking into her from behind. He tells her how much he loves her body, her curves, her soft hair and her tight cunt and how she's gonna tire him out. She wakes him up with a blow job and he goes on about her hair and how soft her skin in and how peaceful she looks sleeping, how he wants to make her pancakes and eat them off of her, lick syrup off her nipples.

It's when she walks in the door from work and before she can kick her heels off, he's pushing her against the door and rubbing his hard on against her ass, telling her how gorgeous she looks. How smart and hardworking she is, even though he misses her so much, wishes they could spend all day hauled up in their little house, cuddling and fucking, staring at her pretty face. Once he comes home from work and finds her in the kitchen, washing dishes, wearing a pair of skinny jeans and he grabs her ass, falling to his knees, and pushing her shirt up, licking along the line of her jeans, before yanking her jeans and underwear down and eating her out, right there in the kitchen. She'd dropped the soapy plate on the floor as she came, and he'd stood up and held her through her tremors, kissed her with his wet mouth and told her how good she tasted, how much he loved watching her come, how she was always so perfect, for him.

It's not that Steve doesn't express affection at all. He does. He tells her he loves her. Not often, but he does. He tells her she's pretty. Well… sometimes. When she's spent hours in the bathroom getting ready for one of his work dinners or a holiday, he'll glance over her

in the car, when they're already late, and she's trying to glue her false lash on while they're in the car, that he looks over and says she looks good or cute. He'll tell her he appreciates her, after about the sixth time she makes breakfast. It's not that he doesn't mean it, he does. But it's not the same as when he's got his dick deep inside her and she can't breathe, and he rasps in her ear, he wants to stay inside her forever. Or when he's pinching her nipples so hard she knows they'll be raw the next day, and tells her that she's perfect, they're so good together. And those words, those raw words, when his pupils are blown and he's sweating, inside her, all around her, those are the ones that mean the most. Those are the ones she craves, the ones she believes. She actually believes it's perfect, she's beautiful and he loves her. And if the best way to do that is to choke on his dick until she's crying.. So what?

It's been awhile. Not since they've had sex but since they've had kinky, life affirming sex. She gets off work early and it's easier to slip into routine. Steve loves everything they do sexually, but there's one thing that's his favorite. They'd had to be responsible adults recently, which meant that they hadn't done this in awhile. But the next day was Saturday and Nancy needed it. She needed it like water. So she'd showered and shaved and applied his favorite lotion. She'd dressed in a pink silk teddy, and curled her hair in perfect ringlets. She'd lined her eyes in soft black kohl liner, and wet, black mascara. Applied baby pink blush and pale pink lipstick and sticky gloss. When Steve will be there soon, she kneels in front of the couch and waits.

Steve walks in and she hears him kick off his shoes and sigh, she thinks he's going to go straight to the kitchen, but he comes in and sees her. She hears a soft groan, and then he heads to the couch. She looks up as he unbuckles his belt and pulls down his pants and briefs. He's already half hard and she sticks out her tongue to lick up his dick. She starts at his balls, tonguing them to get them wet and he groans. She licks up the base of his dick as he moans,

"Shit, so good," he says, coming to tangle his hand in her perfect hair.

His hand tangles in the curls and rests on the crown of her head, and she goes compliant, body relaxing into her position on her knees. She places a kiss on the head of his dick and he laughs, as she opens her

throat and slides her wet, hot mouth, down over his dick. She takes it slow, moving her tongue along the underside, as she slides to about halfway down his dick. Nancy hasn't had a gag reflex in years, but no one has ever appreciated it quite like Steve. She swallows around his dick and he applies a bit more pressure on the hand on her head, and the other comes on to cup her jaw,

"Come on baby girl, I know you can do it."

Nancy closes her eyes and exhales through her nose, sliding down on Steve's dick until it hits the back of her throat. Steve groans and his hips thrust quickly, and Nancy chokes a bit, gagging,

"Fuck, that's it."

She tries to relax, goes further until her nose brushes his pubes, and she swallows. Steve's fingers yank her hair and he pulls her off of his dick so quickly that she gasps for air. Her eyes are already watering, and her lips feel tight. She's on her way to looking like the wrecked mess that Steve wants her to be.

"Shit, you're so good at that. I'm gonna fuck your face. Are you ready?"

Nancy nods, clenching her thighs tighter, pussy wet already at the words,

"What do you do if you need a break?"

She pinches his thigh in example and he nods,

"Can you tell me honey?" He asks, brown eyes wide to make sure.

She swallows the spit that's gathered in her mouth,

"If I need to stop, pinch you as hard as I can." Her voice is raspy and Steve nods, a bit cross eyed.

Nancy closes her eyes and opens her mouth, and Steve wastes no time, tightening the grip on the back of her head and thrusting in. They've done it so much that he knows her limits. He fucks her throat, makes her gag and choke on it, but never enough to hurt her,

only enough that she gets light headed and floaty. He loves staring at her after, her makeup ruined, face red, hair a mess, come on her mouth, for him. The words fall from his lips, as breathless as he is. That she's his pretty little whore, looks so good gagging on his cock loves when she chokes on it until she cries. He loves her so much, loves that she's a little cockslut. She makes him so happy and looks so fucking good. He just wants her to feel good all the time. Wants her to feel good like she makes him feel good.

He says this all while fucking her face until her eyes water, and when she can tell that he's close, he asks her to look at him. She looks up, blue eyes wet and wide, mascara and eyeliner all over her face, he groans and pulls out, leaving not only a long trail of saliva from her mouth, but her canting forward to chase the tip of his dick,

"Can you ask for my come baby girl? Tell me how much you want it."

Nancy nods, her own need curling up in her stomach by now. She's had so much praise, his cock so heavy on her tongue, her cunt so empty,

"Please come, come on my face, please, please," she begs, sticking her tongue out and tilting her face up.

They haven't done that before and Steve's balls draw up tight, he's not gonna last.

"Fuck, close your eyes,"

She does, and Steve fists his dick as he comes all over the lower half of her face. She looks so good, so perfect, her hair a tangled mess from his hands, eyes wet, makeup smeared all over her face, sweat dripping down her collarbone, his come on her cheeks, tongue trying to get all she can. As soon as he comes down, he drops on the couch, tugging Nancy up into his lap. He tears her underwear off of her and cups her wet pussy, her sweet, tight, pussy.

His fingers glide in easily and she hiccups as her hips jolt, sending them deeper. She whines and begs him and he kisses her face, gathering his come into his mouth, before latching their mouths

together, pushing the hot come into her own. She's hungry for it, mouth slack, can't get enough, especially when he's muttering how much he loves her, how good she is for him, how much he wants her to come on his hand. It doesn't take long, a few longing caresses of her clit, a mention of how much of a dirty whore she looks like, how he loves that she's his whore, and she's coming, clenching down around his fingers and shaking apart. So prettily.

When she comes down, she all but collapses onto him. He wraps his arms around her, and kisses her forehead,

"You did so good. I love you so much. Thank you baby. What a good surprise, thank you," he murmurs.

After a few minutes, he picks up Nancy and she wraps her legs around him, as he walks them to the kitchen. He grabs her a bottle of water, and they make their way back to the couch, her clinging to him, the entire time,

"Drink for me baby, drink for me sweetie."

She sips the water slowly, and he guides her through it, and she relaxes, against him when she's had her feel,

"Such a good girl. I love you."

"I love you too," she rasps, voice entirely fucked out. She won't have a voice the rest of the weekend. Maybe not even on Monday. When she has to go back to work. It makes Steve horny and he brushes the hair out of her face,

"You're back with me."

She nods. She'd never left. She curls up on his lap and she lets him pet her hair until she fall asleep, the deep need inside her, filled.